2:11iff Y-5 (ca.1901) 1954 NT14 Plateau Yumans NT14
Havasupai

resting there in the shadowy gorge, where nature rioted and roared; and yet, in the cool, protected place where they slept, there was an inner quietness and soul-resting peace. Reluctantly we turned our mounts back to the trail, leaving the park officials to make their observations at the falls. We did not suspect it then, but later we had reason to believe that their visit resulted in an invasion of the canyon that filled the Indians with terror.

The sun's rays had by now reached us. And the parching waves of heat which the walls reflected filled us with almost unbearable thirst. A large fat dog that we had not been able to prevent following us, crept under bushes or ledges of rock for one precious moment of shade, then ran, panting, to catch up with us. Finally he crawled under a rock and his pitiful moans told us that for him the journey had ended. On our return, we found his body huddled far back under a shelf of stone.

Beaver Canyon, a narrow crack in the terrain over which we were traveling, cut across our path. A short bridge would have spanned it, but when we peered into its depths it seemed bottomless; we made the twenty-mile detour around it. We had had no food since our early breakfast, so after rounding the canyon's head at four o'clock, we dismounted and prepared supper. Ute slid over a steep incline into the gorge, and filled two canteens from a spring. Our fried chicken, hard-boiled eggs, green beans, peaches and cocoa disappeared so rapidly that we were appalled when we discovered that Ute, who had agreed to bring his own food, had only a green watermelon (which he declined to cut) and a few peaches. We shared with him, and he was quite pleased with our contribution. We had yet to learn that an Indian carries a minimum of food and travels long stretches without water.

When we had finally completed the long detour around Beaver Canyon, Ute led us to a "rain tank" and the horses had their first drink since we had left home. Then darkness settled down rapidly and it was time to make camp. While we ate a hasty lunch from a shelf of stone, Ute cut his green watermelon and devoured it noisily in addition to the food we gave to him. He held himself

2:Iliff Y-5 (ca. 1901) 1954 NT14 Plateau Yumans NT14
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aloof in true old-Indian fashion. A younger Havasupai would have made himself one of the party and pointed out places that had made tribal history, but Ute wrapped himself in profound silence. Later, when mosquitoes, gnats and flies came from out of nowhere to torment us, he built a fire and tended it all night to keep them at a distance. Frances and I spread our blankets near a boulder, and I slept until the dazzling moonlight awakened me. The night was too gorgeous to waste in sleep. I lay awake for hours on the hard sand, under the deep blue desert sky, watching the brilliant stars and a majestic moon riding the heavens.

We ate breakfast by moonlight, and packed the burros for an early start. The day would bring heat and burning sand, and we had only one canteen of water left. There was no trail now. Frequently we forced our horses up banks and over boulders, while we walked to make the climb possible for them. Old Ute led the way, and I kept close to his horse's heels. His one good eye was quick in locating landmarks and in finding the faint imprints of his horse's hoofs, made on his scouting trip. When we approached a rough stretch, he motioned for us to dismount. This passed, he would give an upward fling of his hand as a signal for us to climb on our horses. Once when he gave the signal to remount, he turned to me and his wrinkled face broke in a grin as he spoke the Havasupai word for mounting a horse. Before that, he had been just an elderly guide, unkempt and uncommunicative. The friendly gesture and his willingness to teach the Hicos changed his status—old Ute became human and likable.

I brought my horse as close to his as the rough ground would permit, and repeated the word. He made me say it over and over until he approved accent and pronunciation, then he asked, "*Hico, cavin?* (White people say what?)" I told him, "Mount horse." He jogged along, repeating "Mount hoss, mount hoss," until he had the words memorized. We took other words, the names of plants, animals and land formations, which he taught me, then I gave him the English equivalent, each of us playing the game with relish.

2:Illiff Y-5 (ca.1901) 1954 NT14 Plateau Yumans NT14
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But only a week or two later, Manakadja came to see me on a far more serious mission. His son Jasper was desperately ill.

The boy had developed a high fever; his flushed face and burning skin told me how sick he was when I visited him at his father's wickiup. There were drugs of all kinds in my office, requisitioned by one of my predecessors, but we had no one to administer them. Regardless of what happened to any of us, Indian or white, I had no authority to summon a physician nor funds with which to pay for his service. Jasper's parents and I did all we could to relieve the boy's suffering, but he seemed hopelessly ill, and none of us could determine the cause. I sent him crackers, canned fruit, tea, any food he could eat, but our supply, freighted out from Seligman and packed down the trail, was limited and the food expensive.

Manakadja had reverted in his distress to the primitive. Linen dusters and derby hats had no place in his life now. He told me frankly that he wanted to employ a medicine man. It was not until months later that I learned what a medicine man did to the sick, so I offered no objection. Usually when an Indian hired a medicine man, he kept the matter secret from the teachers, even to the point of denying it. This was due to his desire to protect his tribal customs from interference by officials who neither understood nor sympathized with them. Because we were instructed to discourage such practices, we usually did just that. Manakadja's candor was refreshing. I could not help the boy, so I told the chief to do whatever he thought best. I really hoped that I might see the medicine man at work and discover by what procedure he healed the sick.

We had three shamans—medicine men—in the tribe at that time, A'mal ("Sack"), Rock Jones and Bob. I knew all three, and thoroughly liked Bob. For years A'mal had been considered the most successful, his reputation firmly established by his spectacular healing of Lanoman, after other medicine men had failed. He was distrustful, I think, of white people who gave him no credit as a healer, and held himself aloof. Bob was a heavy-set

3:James T-5 (ca. 1900) 1903
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was often annoyed by finding, on his return from an absence of a few days, that Silver and the mule, one or both, had been taken from the pasture and ridden by the Indians. When he completed his trail across the river and finally established the ferry that bears his name — the only ferry, by the way, across the Grand Canyon, and the only one on the Colorado River between Lee's Ferry and the one below the mouth of the canyons — he decided to swim Silver and the mule across the river and keep them for use on the north side. When this was done Chickapanagie was present. With a twinkle in his eye he said: "Bass heap sopogie (understand). Havasupai no ride 'em Silvern, and Red Mule no more."

There is wide diversity in the attitude different members of the tribe hold towards the whites. Some are friendly, others openly hostile and ugly, while others merely receive strangers on sufferance as a necessary evil, useful for the purchase of baskets and such other things as they may have to dispose of.

Manakacha was elected to his kohot-ship because the majority of the men were in favor of keeping out the whites from Havasu Canyon, and he was ever averse to the white man.

Those, however, who are friendly, are good and true friends, as those who knew Hotouta, Spotty, and others who are gone can testify.

Spotty was a genial, kindly soul, with whom I had various dealings. He was intelligent and reliable in his intercourse with me, though a medicine-man and ready to dispense charms, incantations, and native medicines on the slightest pecuniary provocation. On one of my early trips to Havasu I negligently overlooked

3:James T-5 (ca. 1900) 1903
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609 648 taking a sufficient supply of extra films. What an idea! To start on such a trip and forget one's camera rolls. There were about thirty exposures left on my film and I was sure I should need two hundred and fifty. Indeed, long before I had reached the Havasupai village all the roll was exhausted, and no more pictures could be taken.

I was disgusted with my own want of forethought, and generally disgruntled, when lo! on sight of Spotty the idea occurred as if by inspiration: "Why not send Spotty for it?" No sooner suggested mentally than I broached the subject. The round trip was a good fifty-five to sixty miles, and much of the road up Havasu Canyon, and I must have the roll within twenty-four hours. Spotty's eye was on the main chance, and he at once expressed his willingness to go provided there was "enough in it." "How much you give me?" he inquired. I considered for a while, and then with a Pecksniffian air of benignant charity offered him "two dollar!" "Al lite, I go! Maybe so I go quick you catch 'em two dollars and a half?" he asked. I studied over it awhile before committing myself, and then queried "When you start, Spotty?" Looking up towards hue-a-pa-a (the man image) on the upper rim of the near canyon wall, he pointed. "I go when you see 'em *ha-ma-si-gu-va'-tu* (the evening star)."

"When you come back?"

"I come back next day all same time you see 'em *ha-la'-ha* (the moon). Maybe so I come back sooner you see 'em, you give me two dollar half?"

A twenty-four hours' ride on horseback — nearly sixty miles — through a solitary country where his only company would be coyotes, mountain lions, and other

3.James T-5 (ca.1900) 1903
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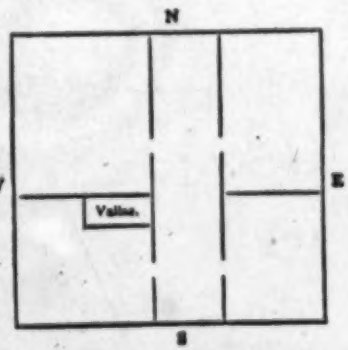
wild animals, and a large portion of it ridden in the dark night, for two dollars, with a bonus of fifty cents if the trip was made within twenty-four hours, — it was not extravagant pay, so I cheerfully acceded to his request for the bonus. But now came the difficulty of fully explaining to Spotty what I wanted, and where he could find it. The tent at Bass Camp was divided into five compartments, — two small rooms with canvas walls on either side of a long room which ran through the centre of the tent, its entire width. Making a plan of the tent on the ground, so, and giving him the compass points, I showed that my "all same white man's basket made of leather," viz., my valise, was in the northeast corner of the southwest room. The film was in the valise, but I also needed my ruby lamp, so I deemed it best for him to bring valise and lamp, which latter was separate. Off he went cheerfully and merrily, and two hours before the moon rose he was back at the camp with valise and lamp safe and secure. He received his bonus and we were both happy.



Like all other Indians, they used to have an abnormal dread of the camera.

One of my Havasupai friends, U-math-ka, thus stated his reasons for refusing to be photographed. With graphic gesture of horror and dread he said: "If you make my picture I die pretty soon. I look at the Sun. He get heap hot. I no breathe. I lie down. I die!"

3:James T-5 (ca. 1900) 1903
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609 When I assured him no possible injury could result, he
177 yielded to my urgent entreaties so far as to consent to
152 allow me to make his sun-picture, on the sole condition, however, that I did not ask him to look at the camera, or to cease talking (he was relating some Havasupai myths at the time). His condition was what I desired, for it enabled me to secure the accompanying natural and life-like photograph.

195 In speech the Havasupai tongue is not very musical
194 or agreeable. The voices of men and women are soft and sweet, as a rule, and either when singing their rude aboriginal songs or those that they have been taught at school, they show a natural appreciation of tone that is not usual or common. In a sentence the last syllable of the last word is often a third higher than the rest of the word. This gives a singularly emphatic effect.

The voices of the men are not unpleasant, though generally they are thrown too high — head tones — to be agreeable; and as conversation increases they often allow their voices to rise to an almost querulous note. There is a good deal of the chant about it of a half-musical nature.

The women's voices are usually sweet and musical, but the language itself does not lend itself to the display of vocal sweetness. It is not a "liquid" language. It is full of crooks and twists, gutturals and harsh labials, and seems to be ground out in angles with a machine-like regularity. In some cases, the women, having imitated the querulous tone of some of the men, have developed a harshness that is disagreeable. The rapid-
192 ity with which they learn new words is remarkable.
153 Lanoman, one of the present policemen, asked me the

834 she preferred to dress her daughter in waist overalls to discourage any
864 attempts by male playmates to pull her pants down or to make sexual overtures. She stated that she had warned her daughter against permitting any of the boys to disturb her clothing, and against exposing herself in a boy's presence. Nearly all little girls at present, however, wear dresses rather than overalls.

As a girl grew older, she was discouraged from association with boys
834 outside her kinship group. The pattern of isolated residence made it easy
867 for parents to watch their daughters closely most of the time. Nuclear or extended families camped together during plateau residence, and, commonly, any close neighbors would be relatives. Their semi-nomadic isolation during much of the year afforded young people few opportunities to meet away from the vigilant eyes of parents.

Children of both sexes were taught from early childhood to beware of
867 strangers, the threat of enemy raiding parties being a constant worry.
609 Girls, in addition, were expected to remain in the background when visitors, other than relatives, were present, particularly if boys their own age were in the group. Reportedly, the infrequent meetings between unrelated families resulted in extreme shyness of both sexes. The culture dictated that, ideally, a girl conduct herself with reticence and modesty.

Boys, reportedly, were warned to refrain from sexual indulgence be-
[827] cause it would hinder proper growth and weaken them physically. When
[864] girls reached puberty, they were instructed that sexual relations would result in pregnancy. Spier (1928, 324) notes that 35 years ago adolescent
[114] girls remained under their mother's supervision, not being permitted to
[177] go about the reservation freely. Perhaps regular school attendance has broken down this restraint upon young girls. At any rate, girls of today come and go, alone or in small groups, much as they please.

Although a family formerly spent much of the time in solitude, families
574 assembled for economic or social occasions such as the pinyon nut harvest,
857 cooperative hunting activities, intertribal trading, funerals, autumn and
571 winter story-telling, and, sometimes, visiting. Also families were close neighbors during the regular planting and harvesting season in Cataract Canyon. On such occasions, both on the plateau and in the canyon, play groups would almost certainly include unrelated children. There must have been opportunity on such occasions for young people to arrange secret meetings.

571 Concentration of tribal families on the reservation about 1895, and later at Grand Canyon, brought individuals into continuous group association.

Possible Sources of Ambivalence

562 577 189 Ambivalence may have been produced in former times by certain inconsistent or conflicting cultural patterns involving virtually all females. Two such patterns were the following: (1) the ideal of feminine reticence, aloofness, and shy restraint in the presence of unrelated tribesmen in contrast with real, but clandestine, premarital and extramarital sexual alliances, and (2) personal father-daughter relationships in contrast with husband-wife relationships as exemplified on a parental level.

Seeming contraries in the value system existed in the first instance in that a girl must appear circumspect to an extreme, pretending as a sign of virginity not to associate with males outside her immediate kinship group, while sub rosa association of the most intimate kind was permitted her, and in fact little importance was attached to the virginity of a bride. In the second instance, a daughter's relationship with her father was in marked contrast to that of a wife with her husband as described below. Emotional dichotomy originating in such contradictory orientations might conceivably culminate in some overt expression denoting inner conflict or insecurity feelings at the time of marriage when a woman initially faced realization of her own individual assumption of the adult feminine role.

[609] In a girl's training and throughout her adult life, conformity to the ideal feminine behavior pattern was stressed. It is said that in former times both girls and mature women were so shy that they would withdraw to the hogan or conceal themselves nearby when an unrelated male visited men of their family. Spier (1928, 328) wrote that it was "not proper for a woman to entertain a man alone during the absence of her husband, although it is permissible to have many men and children about. Nor should she walk about with any other man, not even a brother or father." Present informants concur that it was improper for a man to stop in a camp where a woman was alone, even if he had traveled a long distance. Reportedly, a woman feared being alone thus with an unrelated male and therefore would ask him to return later. (Such fear probably was grounded, at least in part, on possible suspicion or jealousy of the husband in question.)

Spier (1928, 328) noted further that women did not "ordinarily ride about the village, even when accompanying their husbands, as this would cause adverse comment. They would be cautioned against the possibility of being molested" (presumably, when riding alone).

562 183 609 Woman, when gathering food or otherwise employed in or near their camp areas on the plateau or Esplanade, kept a sharp lookout for raiding parties from enemy tribes, hastening to conceal themselves at a hint of danger. Death or abduction was the usual fate of a captured woman. Such raids, occurring with an undetermined frequency, posed a particular threat to females in the absence of protecting males. Havasupai of both sexes

usually eluded injury or capture by remaining undetected or taking flight. The example of alertness and caution by adult women no doubt inspired similar behavior in small girls, and later fostered real fear as understanding of the danger was acquired. 562 183 609

In summary, it has been pointed out that comparative isolation of family camp groups under aboriginal conditions probably contributed to the shyness of young people of both sexes. A girl, in addition to being guarded and taught alertness against enemy attack, was closely chaperoned by related females and was cautioned to keep the proper social distance from both unrelated and related males. 562 834 183

A girl maturing in such circumstances might be expected to remain chaste. However, the culture permitted sub rosa sexual license in certain circumstances. Thus, normative premarital and covert sexual behavior was clearly contrary to the ideal which a young woman must overtly exemplify. 183 562 577

A second source of emotional conflict for a girl might have been the father-daughter relationship in its contrast with that of husband and wife, as she was able to observe it between her own parents. Parental indulgence of small children was the rule. Daughters, almost as much as sons, were the objects of loving attention from a father, although girls assumed responsibility earlier than boys and so were taught discipline and submission to authority at an earlier age. While punishment was sometimes harsh (one woman reported that her father tore her earlobe with a severe jerk as a penalty for playing too long by the river when she had been sent after a bucket of water), severe measures were infrequently used and an affectionate paternal attitude generally was reflected in patience and verbal admonition or mild and infrequent discipline. 183 562 593 [861]

By contrast, however, a girl saw her mother yield or lose under force or threat of force when conflict between the parents arose. A wife had almost no alternative to submission for, if she fought back, she would suffer more grievously and in the end would lose to superior male strength, or, if she ran away to her relatives, they would send her back after a brief cooling off period. The easiest course for a wife was acceptance of male dominance and whatever treatment might be accorded her. (As one old man phrased it, "The man, he always win. If the wife fight back, it don't do her no good; she just get hit more.")

A father's position as family head and protector undoubtedly inspired his daughter's respect, while his affection and indulgence probably provided a sense of physical and emotional security during her youth. However, identification with her mother in the role of wife could easily have caused a girl, even one in love, to shrink from a prospective marriage. [581]

The Nation of the Willows.
I

291 The first Ha-va-su-pai I saw may be taken as a type of his race. But lightly clothed, a strange close head-band around his temples, he swiftly passed from one bush to another as we emerged from the little grove. Below us stretched
133 a green, moist plain of sandy soil, nearly two miles long by half a mile at its greatest width. We could catch only occasional glimpses of it through the rank growth of willows, the leaves of which everywhere brushed our heads as
241 we rode along the river trail. These
311 glimpses, however, revealed numerous cultivated fields of corn, beans, sunflowers, melons, peaches, apricots, and certain plants used in dyeing and basket-making, and usually carefully protected by hedges of wattled willows or fences of cotton-wood poles. Everywhere these fields were crossed and recrossed by a net-work of irrigating canals and trails.
342 Here and there were little cabins, or
361 shelters, flat-roofed, dirt-covered, and closed in on three sides by wattled flags, canes, and slender branches; while the front was protected by a hedge like those of the fields, only taller, placed a few feet before the house, and between which and the house burned smoky little fires. The houses were always nestled down among the thick willows bordering the river, or perched on some convenient shelf, under the shadows of the western precipice. In several places, within some of the great horizontal cracks of these western cliffs, and often high up, were little buildings of stone laid in mud plaster, and not unlike the cliff-dwellings we had observed on the way down, and of which ruins exist in almost every cañon throughout the great Southwest.

123 When we again caught sight of our
609 Kuhni, in a little opening near the trail, he was evidently uncertain whether to

[previous portion of this article not processed]

12: Cushing E-5 (1881) 1882
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The Nation of the Willows.

123 run forward and warn the tribe — whose
609 voices, mingled with the barking of dogs and the murmuring of the river, could be heard below — of our coming, or wait to greet us. Finally, he shouted, in a rapid, gurgling, soft sort of language, that the villagers were coming; and then, with a sort of questioning smile, turned toward us, keeping up a ceaseless gibberish, but eying me closely, and evidently thinking me the most curious member of the party.

He guided us through the willows to a crossing of the river, and as we rode up the opposite bank we were greeted by a waiting crowd of men, women, and children, who were gathered around two or three huts in front of a little [343] sweat-house, closely covered with blankets. From out this primitive Turkish bath, heedless of the excited gestures of the presiding medicine man, issued in a cloud of steam a real American, red as a lobster, and half blinded by the steaming he had just passed through. At first he greeted me most blankly, eying me as he would a ghost, but ultimately he became talkative. This exile proved to be a prospector, named Harvey Sample, — "Sani pu," the Indians called him, — who had accompanied a cavalry expedition to the cañon from Prescott, a few days previously; and having been left alone by his companions, was getting along as best he could with the Indians. Pu-lá-ka-kai led the way further down the river to about the middle of the plain, where, near a beautifully sheltered hut, [574] a former host welcomed him and us with jolly cordiality; gorged us with succotash; cleared the principal portion of his hut of women, children, and dogs, for our use; and soon after summoned a council, which kept us blinking, jabbering, and smoking until past midnight.

F. H. Cushing.

[P. 374 B]

142 mouth, round which they slightly curve. The necks are short, though well developed.

The women are shorter than the men, with thicker, bushier, coarser hair; broader, flatter faces, inclined to roundness; mouths and eyes larger, though the latter are less prominent; shoulders and thighs very broad; breasts rather flat and with enormously long mammæ; arms and legs admirably formed, with small, shapely hands and feet. Stoutness and corpulency are common with [481] them, and in walking they spread the legs very far apart, which gives them an awkward and curious appearance *en route*. Both men and women are rather [515] light complexioned, although the women are lighter, and at the same time dirtier, than the men. Among the children, the two sexes appear less different from each other, both resembling the women, except that their extremities are poorly developed.

152 The Ha-va-su-pai are very merry and somewhat vivacious, most affectionate 181 to children and pets, and very hospitable to strangers, although excessively ● 609 suspicious of them and timid, until entirely assured of their peaceful intentions, when they become communicative and familiar; even the children approaching them, and never crying, as is the case with most other Indian children, if they are themselves approached. They [578] are of a very peaceable disposition, never quarreling among themselves, save with their tongues, and then only to resent a 181 supposed wrong. They are nevertheless 152 passionate, although able to control themselves admirably under heat. When angry they talk excessively, and when beaten or discouraged in a quarrel, smother their wrath either in sulky silence or extremely politic bearing toward the offensive party. Wonderfully fearful and distrustful by nature, they are also long-suffering, although determined and emotionless in dealing revenge or death to their enemies. They

They
never chastise children, although, like them, they are fitfully very cruel or kind to pets and domesticated animals. The men, who constantly crowded about my host's hut, were incessantly chattering and laughing, even when the gravest subjects were approached or discussed. The women are by education less vivacious than the men. While paying no attention to pets, they are as affectionate toward children as are the men. They shrink from strangers, rarely, if ever, join in conversation, and preserve a modest bearing, not so much from nature as through fear of censure from the men. They are patient and industrious in the extreme, and while at work are inclined to chat in a sort of monotone with one another. During the absence of the men, they are more disposed to be communicative with strangers, seemingly, not sharing their suspicions of them. The women are not as passionate as the men, although easily moved to tears.

The men are very inquisitive, curious to know about other nations, although not much impressed by things beyond their own comprehension, and unable readily to receive complex ideas. They are humorous and quite witty, delighting in repartee, hoaxing, and jokes; and look in a facetious rather than a critical light upon the awkwardness or discomfiture, even though serious, of others. They laughed and chatted and joked for hours about the death of one of our horses, and the predicament it left us in. The animal, weak after its terrible passage of the deserts, had staggered into the river and drowned. Most spirited and laughable pictures were drawn of our probable sufferings and tears, when returning without the horse; but they said we ought to be comforted in our loss, even with the prospect of famine or exhaustion, when we reflected that it was a great gain to themselves; furnishing them plenty of fresh meat, and cheapening wonderfully the contents of at least one pack. Their perceptive faculties

521 461 about the fire, and the visitor is scarcely distinguishable from the hostess, as she shares with her all duties in which the latter may be engaged. So also, when at work in the fields, the women are prone to gather in busy little groups, where their talk and merriment, free from the restraint of the men, are louder than about the household fire.

857 The children are always boisterously at play, the girls with the boys, and are touchingly affectionate toward one another. The youth gather on level spots and run races, or play games of chance by the hour. They are fond of displaying themselves on horseback; two, sometimes even three, mounting some little pony, and wildly galloping up and down the paths which thread the cornfields where the women and girls are at work. They improve their marksmanship and gain local celebrity, vying with one another in firing at the marks of nature's hand about the great cliffs of their subterranean home.

623 643 Councils among the members of the tribe are incessant, though very rarely attended by the chiefs in a body, and never, save on occasions of the utmost gravity, by the head chief, Ko-hót.

648 609 643 As illustrative of this, I may give the following example: When I entered the cañon, warned of the characteristics of the Ha-va-su-paí by Pu-lá-ka-kai, I made a rule, in the first council, that any trade sealed by the customary hand-shake and "*a-há-ni-ga*," or "thanks," should be regarded as final. During one of the four days of our stay, Pu-lá-ka-kai traded one of his jades for a quantity of things, among which was a famously large buckskin. The next morning, the evil-looking, one-eyed fellow who had purchased the horse returned to trade back, or have the difference split by a return of the buckskin. Pu-lá-ka-kai asked my permission, and I tersely refused. The man went away, soon coming back with a noisy, low-browed crowd, which increased in size and noisiness, until, to-

[439]

[P.554B] ½ [i.e., horse. Analyst]

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ward evening, it was like bedlam about the hut of my still neutral host. Finally a sub-chief advanced, and told me I must consent to a re-trade. I declined. He then begged me, and my Indians, alarmed, became importunate. Still I refused. Pu-lá-ka-kai pointed to a scar over his eyebrow, which he wore, he said, in remembrance of a former proceeding of the kind, and once more implored me, for the sake of his and Tsai-iu-tsaih-ti-wa's wives and children, to consent. Now and then a man would leave, presently returning with a gun carelessly strapped over his shoulder, and I saw that things were growing serious; but I remained obdurate, paying no apparent attention to my own arms, yet seeing that they were within easy reach. After a little while, I suddenly drew one of the two revolvers in my belt, sheathed it again, and, stepping over to the discontented, one-eyed scoundrel, grabbed him by the arms, and ejected him from the premises. Immense excitement prevailed, but I quietly went back with a smile to my writing. The head chief was summoned. He came, gravely, through the babbling crowd, eating a kind of cake of corn-meal and sunflower seeds. I rose, and greeted him pleasantly, spreading a blanket for him to sit on; and as he sat down, with a smile, he broke the cake in two, handing me the larger piece. I began to explain my writing to him, and, after conversing a little while, he said, "I am about to go. You observe that I am never to be found in crowds of those who wrangle and gossip. It makes a father sad to see the foolishness of his children. It fills me with thoughts to see my people make fools of themselves, to hear them make meaningless noise; therefore I stay away from them. When they have anything to *say* to me, or you wish to *see* me, my hut stands under the cottonwoods, down by the river, and my fields are in front of it." Without a word in reference to our

trouble, without so much as a well-directed glance at the heated crowd, he went away as he had come, a picture of imperturbable dignity and gravity. The wranglers, in the most shamefaced manner, gave up alike their dispute and its object.

The coming stranger is heralded by the first observer, the chief waiting at his own house to receive him or his embassy. Any hut at which he first alights, even though the poorest, is almost sacredly regarded as his home. The inmates flock out, however suspiciously they may regard him, remove the saddles and packs from his animals, arrange them around the sides of the dwelling, invite him to enter, seat him on the best blanket or robe, and immediately improvise a meal for him, offering him, meanwhile, a drink of fresh water. During his wanderings about the village, wherever he may enter, he will almost surely find some one eating, even though it be late at night, and he will invariably be invited to partake.

On meeting a stranger or a long-absent friend, the Ha-va-su-pai grasps him by the hand, moving it up and down in time to the words of his greeting; and, as he lets go, lifts his own hollow palm toward his mouth, then, with a sudden and graceful motion, passes it down over his heart. As an evidence of confidence in a newly-made friend, a Ha-va-su-pai will sometimes give to him that whereby, in the native belief, even the giver's life may be taken through sorcery, — a hair, a bit of his skin, or a piece of his finger-nail, — this being an inviolable contract of peace and mutual regard. Several of these hairs lie among my notes, as less pleasant than pathetic mementos of such regard. Indeed, a number of my own locks are doubtless still cherished in sundry medicine bags, hanging from the wattled walls of my homes in Ha-va-su-pai-gidri. One poor, aged fellow, observing me trim my nails one day, carefully gathered the cuttings to-